my hand: O the world has not a ſweeter creature, ſhe might lie by an Emperours ſide, and command him taskes.

Iag. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe not ſay what ſhe is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable muſitian; O ſhe will ſing the ſauageneſſe out of a Beare; of ſo hye and plenteous wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worſe for all this.

Oth. A thouſand thouſand times: and then of ſo gentle a condition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. Nay thats certaine, but yet the pitty of it *Iago*, oh the pitty.

Iag. If you be ſo fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into meſſes, —cuckold me!

Iag. O, tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon *Iago*, this night Ile not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poiſon, ſtrangle her in her bed, euen the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iuſtice of it pleaſes, very good.

Ia And for *Caſſio*, let me be his vndertaker: you ſhall heare more by midnight *A Trumpet.*

Enter Lodouico, Deſdemona, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Excellent good:
What Trumpet is that ſame?

Iag. Some thing from *Venice* ſure; tis *Lodouico*
Come from the Duke, and ſee, your wife is with him.

Lod. Saue you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart ſir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greet you.

Oth. I kiſſe the inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the newes good couſen *Lodouico?*

Iag. I am very glad to ſee you Seignior: — *Lod.*
welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thanke you, how does Leiutenant *Caſsio?*

Iag. Liues ſir,

Deſ. Couſen, there's falne between him and my Lord,
An vnkind breach, but you ſhall make all well.

Oth. Are you ſure of that?

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will.—

Lod. He did not call, hee's buſie in the paper:
Is there Diuiſion twixt my Lord and *Caſsio?*

Deſ. A moſt vnhappy one, I would doe much
To attone them, for the loue I beare to *Caſsio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimſtone.

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wiſe?

Deſ. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mou'd him;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing *Caſsio* in his gouernement.

Deſ. Truſt me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.

Deſ. How ſweet *Othello?*

Oth. Deuill.

Deſ. I haue not deſeru'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in *Venice*,
Tho I ſhould ſweare I ſaw't: tis very much,
Make her amends, ſhe weepes.

Oth. O Deuill, Deuill,
If that the earth could teeme with womens teares,
Each drop ſhe falls, would proue a Crocadile:
Out of my ſight.

Deſ. I will not ſtay to offend you.

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady:
I doe beſeech your Lordſhip, call her backe.

Oth. Miſtreſſe.

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her ſir?